

Tales From Our Universes

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Tales From Our Universes

by [yeet3ms](#)

Summary

From the teachers he met to those he left behind, Wilbur touched more lives than he realised. These are their tales, their recountings of meeting the odd new hero going by the name Phaethon

-X-X-X-

A collection of stories and tales of those affected by our favourite crimeboi. A sidepiece to 'From a dirty crime boi to a hero' exploring the perspectives of the people Wilbur met during his journey across universes.

Notes

Eyo it's ya boi yeet back once again, this time with the new series to follow up on crimeboi!

This series will explore the perspective of people in the MHA universe as well as back in the DSMP universe, so if there's any characters or scenes from the original series you'd like to see featured here, don't be afraid to leave a comment :)

Note: on 27/02/2024, Shelby came forwards with allegations against Wilbur Soot that I believe are true. It sickens me that a creator I looked up to did these things. This fic, along with any other in the series, will remain abandoned as they already were, but I want to stress I do NOT support Wilbur anymore. These were written before we were informed of the truth. Fuck Wilbur, fuck abusers. As a survivor myself, it sucks to know someone I found comfort in writing about would victimise others in that way.

Aizawa's Findings

Wilbur was an odd man in Aizawa's professional opinion. Everything about him screamed that he was up to something, from the way he carried himself to how he spoke. He was a man with a story, that much was obvious, but exactly what that story was, Aizawa didn't know. At this rate, he doubted he would ever get to know the truth about the enigma that was Wilbur Soot. With every new scrap of information he gathered, the question just exactly who Wilbur was got even more complicated.

Their first meeting should have made it clear the troubled male wouldn't be easy to understand, after all nobody joins the League of Villains without a reason. Aizawa initially hadn't noticed Wilbur among the crowd, too focused on the villains actively pursuing him. He first realised the kid wasn't like the rest of his attackers when he stepped in and stopped Shigaraki from attacking Asui. While his words had been those of a villain and so had his crazed grin, something in his eyes gave his true nature away. There wasn't a moment where Aizawa doubted that the man would set off the TNT; He was risking his skin to save the trio of students, it wouldn't make sense for him to just blow them all up in the end.

Aizawa's memories of the event blur a bit from that point on, blood loss and pain causing him to fade in and out of consciousness for the rest of the encounter. One moment he is watching Wilbur verbally destroy Shigaraki, the next the ex-villain was trying to lift him from the ground, murmuring something Aizawa's swirly mind didn't register. At some point he must have asked something about his students, because he remembers Wilbur telling him they were safe, and that he could rest. From there on, everything is black until the moment he woke up in the hospital.

Wilbur visited him in the hospital, before he became fully conscious. He remembered snippets of the conversation, but not enough to actually make sense of what he had heard. From what he remembered, Wilbur had mentioned his students, and how he was new to a lot of things in this server. Aizawa didn't know what that meant, and still didn't to this day. It was just another thing on his long list of things about Wilbur he didn't have an answer for. He remembered half of Wilbur's explanation of the blue rock he had left for the recovering pro, the name Tommy sticking out. He was clearly important to Wilbur, but exactly who he was, Aizawa didn't know yet at that point. (And if he kept the smooth blue rock in the pocket of his hero costume from that point on, nobody would ever know.)

Now, Aizawa wasn't proud about how he had acted towards Wilbur the first day of them working together. In his defense, he had still been in quite a bit of pain from his injuries and would rather just be alone than having to deal with another well meaning person trying to tell him how to do his job. Wilbur turned out to be a bit different than other teachers, mostly because he didn't actually interject during Aizawa's teaching at all, which the erasure hero appreciated quite a lot. Instead, at the end of the day, a thick stack of papers were slammed down on his desk with the request to read through them and see if they could help.

Wilbur's notes were interesting. Aizawa had skimmed them over in the first place, not expecting much from them. What caught his attention however, were the little advises he had

written down for certain students, especially the ones where he referenced people who seemed to be from his past. Niki, Callahan, Tubbo, Quackity, Philza Minecraft... And again, Tommy. Reading through the notes again, he realised these people were clearly important to Wilbur with how he was describing them. There were a few scribbled out lines that took some time to decipher, but they revealed an even more troubling picture. These people Wilbur had clearly loved weren't around anymore, or he at least wasn't in contact with them anymore. Aizawa learnt a lot about his own students that day, but maybe even more about his new teaching assistant.

Aizawa stumbled across Wilbur asleep in the teacher's lounge on his second day back after his hospitalization. He wasn't supposed to be at school, per Nezu's orders, but he had never been one to stick to orders. There were some papers he had left in the lounge he had left on accident the previous day which he had dropped by to pick up. He hadn't expected to see his assistant passed out on the couch looking like he had just been through hell and back. Something in the way his brows twitched and his nose scrunched up every now and then made Aizawa frown.

He left the room about ten minutes later, making sure to be as quiet as possible while he was in the lounge. If Wilbur suddenly had a blanket covering him after Aizawa had left the room, nobody would ever know who placed it there. Or, well, nobody except for Nezu would; That bastard had cameras installed everywhere, it wouldn't surprise Aizawa if there was one in the lounge too. Luckily, Nezu seemed to have a soft spot for Soot, so Aizawa doubted he had to worry about being blackmailed about the blanket.

Wilbur's hero name was a cause for concern. Nemuri had been tasked with picking hero names with 1A, and had made it her personal quest to get Wilbur one too. Aizawa, never having understood all the hype around hero names, didn't quite see why his assistant needed one since he wasn't technically a hero, but didn't bring it up. Nemuri cornered him later that day, asking him a lot of questions about Wilbur he couldn't answer. Apparently his hero name had quite a story behind it, and it had worried Nemuri. He had assured her it was probably not a big deal, even though this might have been a lie.

Phaethon was the son of a god, who wanted to prove his worth. While doing so, he messed up and caused a lot of death and destruction. As a punishment, he was killed. Aizawa could understand why Nemuri had been so concerned by Wilbur's pick for a name, but it did help Aizawa put together some of the pieces of the puzzle that was Wilbur's existence. Like Phaethon, Wilbur was the son of somebody with a strong legacy, possibly a hero. In an attempt to prove himself, something went wrong. Presumably this event led to him losing contact with those close to him, and led to him coming to Japan. Though, Aizawa couldn't quite place what this big mess up could have been. He scoured the internet for any kind of big conflict in Britain, but couldn't find anything that mentioned anything related to Wilbur. Hell, according to the internet, Wilbur Soot didn't exist.

That day in the teachers' lounge when Wilbur blinked out of existence for a solid minute was one of the oddest days Aizawa had ever experienced. One moment, Wilbur is cracking jokes at his cranky coworker, the next he is gone, cup shattering against the hardwood floor as a weird 'vroomp'-ing sound filled the air. That minute had felt like it dragged on forever as he

stood alone, trying to rationalise what had just happened. Just as quickly as Wilbur had disappeared, he blinked back into existence with the same noise as before.

Wilbur's explanation of what he had seen while he was gone didn't explain much, but Aizawa didn't get to ask him much about it as Wilbur was quick to excuse himself. All he was told was that Wilbur had seen his father and brother, and that they seemed quite shocked to see them. Also, Aizawa's theory that Wilbur wasn't in contact with his family was proven correct as Wilbur mentioned that when he had left them, they weren't on good terms. As curious as the pro hero was, he didn't push Wilbur for answers. The kid looked too shaken up, like one wrong word would wreck him. So, Aizawa didn't bring it up. He changed the subject, went on with his day like he had planned to, even though he now had a thousand new questions swarming at the back of his mind.

Taking on Shinsou Hitoshi as an intern had been a bit of an impulse decision if Aizawa was honest, but it turned out to be a great decision. Shinsou would make a great hero once he got the proper training, and inviting Wilbur along under the guise of helping with training turned out to be a great way of getting the man to look a little bit less solemn all the time. And as he watched Wilbur show off his parkour ability with a mad cackle as he yelled for Shinsou to 'keep up or eat shit kid!', he couldn't help but smile under his scarf. Wilbur was surprisingly good at parkour for a man who looked like a twig, though his excuse of it being part of his quirk didn't quite make sense to Aizawa. Now was not the time to integrate him though, so Aizawa let it slide. Just another thing to add to the Wilbur Enigma list.

Wilbur didn't participate in the sparring aspect of the training, though Aizawa didn't mind. He was more of a hands-on teacher anyways, so it was easier to teach Shinsou while sparring than coaching him from the sidelines. The first day, Wilbur just watched them sparr, occasionally chipping in his two cents about the match. The third day was different, as Nezu had bestowed upon Wilbur an ungodly amount of paperwork. Had it been Aizawa, he would have straight up refused doing it, but Wilbur might be a better man than Aizawa in that aspect.

Except, Wilbur didn't do any of the paperwork. He stared at Nezu's sticky note, stuck to the first page of the stack of papers, and didn't move for the most part for two hours. As noon rolled around, Aizawa decided it was enough. He announced it was time for lunch, which seemed to snap Wilbur out of his thoughts. Wilbur's weak excuse was forgiven when Aizawa noticed just how shaky the man's hands were. Something was bothering Wilbur, and the yellow paper had triggered it. God, Aizawa wished he had bothered to peek at what the sticky note said. Maybe that would have been the solution to it all, though he doubted it.

Aizawa should have known better than to expect the internships to go off without a hitch. Not only did three of his students go after a villain on their own without permission from the agencies they were interning at, but Wilbur somehow managed to get himself wrapped up in it all as well. The video of him telling off the Hero Killer: Stain went viral without minutes of the video being posted, and Aizawa could understand why.

Wilbur was one hell of a public speaker, knowing just what to say to drive home his point. Had Aizawa not known any better, he could have mistaken Wilbur for a politician or an activist in that video. The confidence behind his words, the mentions of his own past

mistakes as his reasoning for why Stain was destined to fail... They painted a vague picture of the event that had caused him to fall out of touch with his family. He had done something, believing it to be for the greater good, only to find it was the wrong thing to do a little too late. He also mentioned a Blood God, which once again ended up on the list of things Aizawa would never understand and at this point was afraid to even want to know.

The meeting before the finals shouldn't have gone so wrong, but again hindsight is twenty twenty. Aizawa should have listened to Wilbur, should have never trusted Nezu and All Might to know what they're doing. Nezu always had an agenda, and All Might meant well but he just didn't have the common sense to know when to stop. Wilbur's predictions had come true, the match had been appalling to watch. Midoriya and Bakugou were both injured pretty badly and had only barely passed. To make matters worse, Nezu seemed quite proud of this fact, which was what had sent Wilbur over the edge.

Again the name Tommy was mentioned, though this time it became clear just why Wilbur wasn't in contact with him anymore; He had done something to his brother(?), something on par with All Might beating up two students under the guise of forcing them to work together. Suddenly Aizawa understood why Wilbur had been so against the match, why he had seemed so reluctant to let the boys go up against All Might. He went home with his stomach feeling heavy with guilt, and that guilt stayed when the next day Wilbur didn't show up to class. He sent the man a brief text to ask him if he was alright, but didn't receive any answer. That was probably deserved.

They had a strained talk about the event the next day right before class, in which Wilbur rightfully called out Aizawa's poor attempt at trying to get Wilbur to open up. At least Wilbur didn't seem mad at Aizawa anymore after their talk, though he could tell Wilbur still wasn't back to himself just yet. Not that Aizawa quite understood what was normal for Wilbur, but he was starting to get the hang of it.

Philza Minecraft, the best man, the worst necromancer

Chapter Summary

Phil's perspective of Wilbur's passing, and his resurrection

Chapter Notes

Eyo it's ya boi yeet

thank you all for the support I'm so grateful for y'all's love for this project <3

sorry for the long waits between chapters, dealing with a lot atm

Phil wasn't having a great time on this server, if he was being totally honest. The Dream SMP was supposed to be a wonderful place where dreams came true, but Phil's experience on the server so far could only be described as nightmarish at best. When he first joined, his plan had been to surprise Wilbur. He had heard so much about both L'manberg and Pogtopia that it only felt logical to go see these great nations in person. That upon arriving he would end up having to kill his one and only son, wasn't part of his original plan.

He had never seen Wilbur like that before, so far gone in his own delusions that nothing Phil could say would ever get through to him. His once soft and caring brown eyes had grown dull, pupils blown so wide it was worrisome. Nothing he was saying made much sense to Phil, his desperate cries about how L'manberg didn't exist anymore not lining up with the picture Wilbur's letters had painted of the situation on the Dream SMP. Wasn't Wilbur the president, who decided to redo it all just for the thrill? That's why Pogtopia was formed, right?

Wilbur quoted somebody Phil didn't know, stating that he had been a traitor. Those six simple words were devastating, especially when not a moment later Wilbur slammed his hand against the wooden button on the wall. Phil's body had moved before he could even properly process the situation, pulling Wilbur away from the wall as the TNT set off. One of his wings wrapped around Wilbur to cover him from the blast, taking the brunt of the hit. The pain was maybe the worst Phil had ever experienced, feeling like his wing had just been dipped in

lava. Charcoal blackened feathers fell to the ground as Phil slowly let go of Wilbur, eyes widening as he caught sight of just how much damage the TNT had done.

There was now a crater where the podium had once been, the scent of gunpowder thick in the air as Phil approached the edge of the flimsy platform they were standing on. As Phil came face to face with the devastation his son had caused, he realised there was no saving Wilbur anymore. It was too late. He had shown up too late, the damage had already been done. And as Wilbur started to beg for Phil to kill him, Philza Minecraft made a decision he would forever regret: He listened to his clearly deranged son's pleas, and drove his sword through the man's chest.

Phil didn't dare to touch the sword for weeks after the fact, keeping it in his hotbar without as much as looking at it. At times he swore he could still feel the nauseating feeling of his own son's blood on his hands. On those days, Phil went out into the monster-infested caves, staying there from sunrise to the dead of night. His trips got less frequent as time passed, though not because the feeling stopped happening. No, quite the contrary, the longer Phil stayed in New L'manberg, the more nightmares he had. It didn't help that his dead son didn't only haunt him mentally, but also physically.

Ghostbur had shown up a few days after the final war, claiming he was the ghost of Wilbur. At first, Phil didn't believe him; Ghostbur was nothing like his son. They had the same face, but other than that they were as different as night and day. Where the ghost was soft spoken and careful not to upset others, Wilbur wasn't afraid to voice his opinion. Phil tried to avoid Ghostbur as much as possible, which turned out to be rather hard considering the ghost kept popping up at his house. Apparently he didn't remember any bad memories, so he didn't remember blowing up L'manberg. What he did remember, however, was Phil killing him, because apparently it had been a 'fond memory' of his. Phil's hands felt sticky for days after talking to Ghostbur.

After Technoblade's failed execution, Phil joined the piglin up in the cold arctic, deciding he had finally had enough of New L'manberg's shit. How he ended up standing on top of an obsidian grid spawning in withers, was a bit of a blur at that point. He didn't remember most of that night, memories blurring together of explosions, yelling and fighting. Had he done the right thing in joining Dream and Technoblade during Doomsday? At that moment, he thought he had. But, as he watched Ghostbur break down over Friend's possible death, he realised he might not have been as right as he thought he was.

Ghostbur's request to be revived came as a surprise, especially since he in the past had made it clear he didn't want to be revived. The sudden change was a bit odd, but Phil didn't want to

question it. Call him selfish, but... This was his shot at getting his son back, at making up for his mistakes. So, he did as much research as he could within the limited timeframe he had been given.

Monday rolled around, and Phil was almost nervous as he approached New L'manberg. Or, well, the crater of New L'manberg. From what little he could find on resurrection rituals, they had to be performed near where the person had died, so they were all meeting up at the ruins of the button room. Ranboo tagged along, like he did pretty often. Whenever Phil was going out for supplies, there was a big chance Ranboo would ask to come along. The winged man didn't mind the company, plus it was good to see the kid open up a bit. After Doomsday and how shaken up the kid had been, he deserved a break.

Erret and Ghostbur were already standing in the ruins. The area wasn't how Phil remembered it, the wall that held the button now being made out of lapis blocks instead of the stone it had been when Wilbur hit the button. Brewing stands and banners littered the area, making it look more like a memorial than the scene of a murder. Phil's eyed the button for a minute, flashes of Wilbur pleading for Phil to end his life haunting his mind. Clearing his throat a bit, he looked back over at Erret and the ghost. It was time to get this show on the road.

Somewhere along the line, they must have messed something up, though Phil wasn't quite sure what they did wrong; They did everything like they were supposed to, hell they even roleplayed the moments before Wilbur's death just to make sure! Instead of Ghostbur dying and respawning, his body glitched for a moment, a wave of purple particles surrounding him. One moment, a pale skinned imitation of Wilbur was standing in front of him, the next a man who looked a lot more like Wilbur when he was still alive had taken his place, looking just as confused as Phil felt.

It had started to rain, and on instinct Phil reached his still intact wing out above Wilbur to shield him from the rain. The brunet(since when had he had grey streaks in his hair?) flinched, his breaths coming out as ragged pants. His unfocused eyes slowly turned a bit more clear, blinking a few times. Phil called out the man's name, which made Wilbur's head snap towards him, shock written all over his features.

"Dad? I-I- How am I here? I'm back! I can't be back- This isn't right! It hurts-" Wilbur coughed, his entire body seizing up at the violent hacks coming from his lungs. Phil was at a loss for words, staring down at his son. There was so much he wanted to say, but he couldn't find the words. He had never been much of a wordsmith, that was always Wilbur's speciality. There was a shuffle of footsteps behind them, a shaky breath giving away the source of the noise.

“Wilbur, is that really you?” Tommy’s voice was shaky as he approached the formerly dead man. At the sight of the younger boy Wilbur smiled, though the twitch in his lips made Phil wonder if Wilbur was in pain. “Yeah, it’s me, Toms, the one and only Wilby Soot.” The nickname drew a wet snuffle from Tommy, though Wilbur was too busy coughing up his lungs to notice, Phil noticed. “It- it worked! I can’t believe it...” Phil had almost forgotten Eret was there with them, watching Wilbur with a bright grin. They had done most of the setting up part of the ritual, Phil would have to make sure to thank them later. Another painful sounding cough came from Wilbur as he straightened himself up a bit, making Phil’s parental instincts scream for him to pull the man into a hug.

“I-I don’t think I have much time here, but- agh bloody hell this hurts- but I’m sorry, okay? Really. I’m so fucking sorry and I-I know that doesn’t... doesn’t fix shit, but maybe one day I can actually make up for it. I don’t know what you did, but please don’t- this hurts so bad, worse than dying if I’m honest. I love-” Wilbur didn’t get to finish his words, as the same purple particles that had enveloped Ghostbur earlier swallowed up his entire form before he could. He was gone within the blink of an eye, Ghostbur sitting where Wilbur had been standing just a second ago. Phil felt like he was going to be sick. His one shot at getting his son back, gone just like that.

“What the fuck?” Tommy whispered, staring at the passed out ghost on the floor like he had personally wronged him. Phil couldn’t agree more, those three words perfectly described the situation. “I need some air.” He murmured, leaving the area as fast as he could. That had been Alivebur, if a bit different; He had been wearing a new skin Phil didn’t recognise, plus his hands had been blue for some reason. Then there was the whole hair streak situation... But from the way he talked, Phil was certain that it had been Wilbur. The real Wilbur.

Phil had hoped maybe this would give him some closure, that if the resurrection failed he could finally come to terms with Wilbur’s death, but this didn’t feel like closure. This felt more like he got a glimpse at what could have been, only to have it all ripped away. It would have hurt less if the revival just entirely failed instead of having to watch his son beg for them not to revive him while he was in extreme pain. Phil had heard enough of Wilbur in pain, of him begging for the pain to stop, he didn’t need to hear more of it. Wilbur didn’t deserve more pain. That was the one and only time they tried to revive Wilbur, no one having the heart to try again.

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The crows had been rowdy all day, and Phil couldn't quite figure out why. Usually, they could articulate what was upsetting them pretty well, but today they were all caws and emotions without sharing much useful information. A sigh left Phil's lips as he swatted one of the birds away from his hat, sending it a warning glare. It had been pecking at him for ten minutes now and it was getting on his nerves. The crow had the audacity to look attacked, to which Phil stuck his middle finger up at the bird. Rude freeloaders, the lot of them!

A knock came from the door, making Phil look up from the furnace he had been working at. He wasn't expecting any visitors, and Technoblade was hibernating so it couldn't be him either(not that Technoblade knocked; He tended to just storm in like he owned the place, which he technically did). Calling out a quick 'One second, on my way mate!' Phil wiped his hands on a nearby towel before heading to the door. As he pulled open the door, he came face to face with a nervous looking Ranboo.

"Oh, hi mate. Do you need something?" Phil smiled, stepping aside to let the teen in. Closing the door again, he watched Ranboo awkwardly shift his weight between his feet, tail swishing behind him. He raised one of his eyebrows, crossing his arms across his chest. "Phil, I have to tell you something. You might want to sit down for this." Ranboo admitted, motioning towards one of the nearby chairs. "You calling me old again, you little shit?" Phil laughed, though his mood sobered a bit when Ranboo didn't laugh along. Shit, this was serious.

"Phil, something happened at the prison today. Tommy... Tommy went in with Ghostbur to kill Dream, but things- things didn't go as planned and uh, well Ghostbur is kind of... dead. Like, permanently dead." Ranboo wrung his hands together as he spoke, eyes skittishly moving around the room. "Oh, that's a shame." Phil murmured, though he didn't quite understand why this news would be that upsetting to him. He had been pretty open about how he wasn't sure how he felt about Ghostbur. "Well, that's not the only thing that, uh, happened. You see, Dream has the revival book right? That's why we didn't kill him and all that jazz. Well... When he uh, killed Ghostbur, he used the book on him and... brought Wilbur back." Phil suddenly understood why Ranboo had been so nervous to tell him, the news hitting him like a truck.

"Wilbur is back?" He softly asked, voice wavering as he searched Ranboo's features for any indication that this was a joke. "He is, but... Tommy says he's not the same. I wouldn't know, I never met Alivebur, but Tommy seems pretty adamant about him not being the same... You'd have to ask Tommy about that, I guess." Ranboo nodded a few times, hesitantly looking up to meet Phil's gaze. The earnest look on the boy's face was all Phil needed to know.

Wilbur was back, and Philza would be damned if he let anything happen to his son again.

Missing Memories

Chapter Summary

Ranboo wishes he could remember why the figure standing in the ruins of L'manberg looks so familiar.

Chapter Notes

I'M SORRY

okay so I kind of got in a real bad writing slump where I couldn't bring myself to even open docs, apologies.

this is a short chapter in an attempt to get back into the hang of writing.

sorry for keeping you waiting mates <3

Ranboo knew something was wrong the second he spotted Tommy rushing out of the prison without Ghostbur, looking like he had just seen a ghost, no pun intended. Horror started to coil around in his stomach as the other teen described what had just happened inside of the prison, how Ghostbur had died at Dream's hands. He could only imagine what the scene must have actually looked like, though thinking about the inside of the prison made him nauseous not just because of the fresh murder that had just happened inside. This wasn't how it was supposed to go though. Dream was supposed to be the one dead, not Ghostbur. The poor ghost didn't deserve this, he hadn't done anything wrong as far as Ranboo was aware.

Tommy dragged them along to L'manhole, rambling on about how he was convinced Dream was going to revive Wilbur. The enderman hybrid only understood about half of the words coming from the other's teen mouth, and looked to his platonic husband for any clarification. Tubbo seemed lost in thought, eyes slightly glazed over as he followed after Tommy. Ranboo thickly swallowed, jaw tensing as the ruins of his old home came into view.

There on top of an area where Ghostbur's house had once been, stood a man that felt oh so familiar though Ranboo couldn't recall why. He knew this person, knew their name somewhere in his mind, but his foggy memory made actually remembering it hard. As they drew near the figure, he realised this new person resembled Ghostbur quite a bit, their skin being the same odd shade of grey and their hair being the same brown colour, though this stranger had grey streaks woven into his brown curls. Ranboo stood a good few metres away from the hill the figure was standing on top of, Tubbo standing right next to him. He thought

Tommy had been right next to them too, until he spotted the teen clambering up the hill to come face to face with the stranger.

The name Wilbur made memories flood Ranboo's mind that he didn't even realise he had been missing, glimpses of tall trees and unfamiliar faces causing his chest to feel tight. At the centre of all of them, stood Wilbur with a cocky smirk, always speaking though Ranboo couldn't remember what words had been said. He swore he caught a glimpse of a familiar mask, and just the implications alone of that made him suck in a shaky breath.

Unfocused eyes landed on Wilbur, who was staring straight back at him, eyes narrowed as he made his way down to the two teenagers with Tommy hot on his tail. "So we meet again." He drew out, a smile on his features that almost seemed... tired? Ranboo frowned, tilting his head a bit as he looked down at the ground. "Again? I don't think we've met before. Not that I would remember." A dry chuckle fell from his lips, sounding fake to his own ears. That caused a look of confusion to wash over the man's features.

"Oh that green fucking bastard." Wilbur muttered under his breath, causing Ranboo to flinch at the hostility in the man's tone. "Nevermind that then, must've gotten you mixed up with somebody else mate, sorry about that. A year in a different dimension will do that to ya." He laughed, shaking his head a bit.

"A year? Wilbur, you died five months ago. Not a year." Tommy cut in, looking just as confused as Ranboo felt. "No? It's been a year Tommy, I think I know how long I've been dead." Wilbur chuckled, though his laughter slowly died down when he realised how dead serious Tommy looked. "I'm not kidding Wilbur, it's been five months. You died in November. It's April now, big man." His explanation made the adult go pale. "How... No, no that can't be right. I know I spent almost a year on... on the other server, it can't have been only five months."

"Well it has! I'm not fucking lying to you." Tommy sounded almost offended that the other would insinuate he was joking, which wasn't an odd occurrence for anybody who spent longer than five seconds with Tommy, but it still felt jarring to see such a serious expression on the jokester's features. "I believe you, I believe you! I just... Shit mate, I'm still trying to process the fact that I'm alive!" Wilbur chuckled, shaking his head a bit. "I thought I was a goner for sure. Probably deserved it a bit too, pushed it a bit too far this time." He met Ranboo's eyes for a moment, the enderman hybrid quickly looking away. Those words felt like they had some hidden meaning Ranboo couldn't quite figure out just yet.

"Pushed it too far? That's one way to put it. What the fuck were you thinking?! We won! We got L'manberg back, yet you threw it all away, for what reason?" Now that the initial shock seemed to be wearing off, Tommy's confused grimace had twisted into an angry scowl. "Can we not-... not do this right now? I know you're mad, and you have every right to be, but I was just resurrected. Can I please just enjoy some time back on the server before we talk about it?" Wilbur pleaded, voice wavering as he turned to face Tommy. "No explanation I could give will make up for what I did, but I promise I'll try my best to explain everything later. Right now, I just want to take a walk and... take in the scenery. From the looks of it, the server has changed quite a bit."

Jubilee Line

Chapter Summary

Three versions of Wilbur sit in a train station, waiting.

Chapter Notes

ello it me :]

to celebrate november 16th, have a lil smth

Next chapter of Searching Servers should be out by the end of the week <3

On grey pavement sat three men, illuminated by harsh red fluorescent lighting. The walls were just as grey as the flooring below them, the entire station emitting an air of nothingness. It wasn't quite bland, but interesting it was not either. A singular electronic screen occasionally displayed words that mostly went unacknowledged by the three figures, serving as small reminders of those outside of the hauntingly cold walls of the station. Sometimes, in the distance, the sound of an oncoming train could be heard. It never did come though, the sound fading right as it drew near the bleak platform the three were sitting on. They had long since stopped hoping it would one day come; this was their final halt, the final stop to their stories.

One of them wore a bright yellow sweater, contrasting his pale grey skin. Cast in shadows from the lights, his skin almost looked translucent. The beanie on his head was a deep red colour, the only item of his clothing to actually be accentuated by the lighting instead of being washed out. He smiled, oblivious to some extent about the definiteness of their situation. He'd always been this way, an unfortunate quality that ended him up here, in the dreary station playing a game he didn't understand the rules of. The screen beside him flickered to show another message, his jaw tightening as he forced himself to look back down at the cards on the pavement.

The second man wore a coat so tattered it was a miracle it was still in one piece. A white streak sat in his hair, right above his left eyebrow. His gaze was intense as he stared down at the cards, the most invested in their game of the trio. He had been the one to make the rules,

who had argued for hours how great the game was. He'd fought for the game, and was now actively cheating the very same game; Two cards had found their way into his sleeve, and his opponents were none the wiser. A victorious huff left him as he turned around yet another card.

The last man didn't belong here. He was not like the other two, yet they were the same. He looked like a mix of both of the men in front of him; his hair had the same kind of white streaks as the cheater, his skin the same dead colour as the dimwit. Yet as much as he looked like them, he wasn't them. He had seen more, had been through something that neither of the other men would ever fully grasp; This man was a hero. He'd done everything to make up for his past, yet he'd still ended up at the exact same stop as his counterpart who did the exact opposite. They were different in every single aspect, yet they had all ended up at the same halt. They were one and the same man, but from three different perspectives.

The first an idealised version of the man, a version of him a brother or father might have boasted about. Caring, kind, funny... What more could one want? Yet, he was but a husk of a man. An idea more than anything. He was a memory, a ghost of the past, made up by those processing their grief. Anything past a charming smile and caring words, he did not have. His memory was in shambles, his relationships fractured as he pranced around trying to repair what had been broken. Like a true ghost, his touches which were meant to be healing just phased through the wounds he had left behind, doing more harm than good in the long run.

The second a version of the man who was left to fend for himself, who was misguided yet was all too aware of this fact. He hurt those he loved, and some twisted part had revelled in it. Watching his friends go down with his nation, emotionally scarring his brothers in both blood and arms, forcing his father to kill him... He'd done it all with a smile. There had been something clouding his judgement, something which had long since cleared up. He knew he had messed up, but the bitterness inside of him refused to move on. Time had changed him, but at the core, he was still a boy desperate to prove his worth, no matter the cost.

The final a version who was allowed to grow, a version who was given the chance to set things right. He was nothing better than the other two, having made his own mistakes along the way, but unlike them, he did not hide from this fact. His mistakes made him who he was as a person, whether that be good or bad was not up to him. He had seen good people do bad things, had seen bad people do good things. Yet, he was still learning. He had made the same mistakes as the second man, had felt the exact same emotions while doing them; he was nothing better than him. He wasn't the same man anymore, but he was far from a good person.

That the game they were playing was competitive solitaire, was almost morbidly ironic. Making a game meant to be played alone a competition, as if to make being alone a competition. Their playing styles matched their sins, told their personalities and visions without a word being shared among the three players. Blue fingers moved to turn around the final card, laying it on top of another stack to finish the game, the only one to have played the game fairly and wisely. A soft congratulations was followed by a muttered string of insults, the blue handed man simply moving to redistribute the cards. They had an eternity to get through, and so far the hero and the villain were tied for who was winning.

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